Later on I hope to return to the subject and relate everything that I didn't dare tell at first. I should like, too, to *explain* Wilde's work in my own way, and especially his drama —of which the greatest interest lies between the lines.

2 July

I have been busy these last few days writing a fair copy of my Sou- *venirs de la Cour d'Assises.* It is, I think, a very good exercise and I am taking the greatest interest in it. My imminent departure makes me pos- itively ill; at moments I hope that the situation in the Balkans will be- come worse so that it will be impossible for me to go.

I tried to return to *Trois Hommes* by Suares, but his grandiloquence gets on my nerves.[3] I know too well and feel too clearly that he has known Dostoyevsky for only a short time, that he discovered him only after a conversation we had together, in which I complained that he seemed to pay attention only to Tolstoy. All the pathos of the beginning of his portrait is there only as a cover; he doesn't want it to be apparent that he has not always admired Dostoyevsky. Perhaps when he gets to him it will be the same with Goethe.

He says some extraordinarily perspicacious things about Dostoyev- sky, such as only he can say today; but it is monstrous to remove Dostoy- evsky as far as possible from Nietzsche only to bring him closer to — Wagner!

SJuly

Yesterday evening, after dinner, my eyes tired, I was seated on the bench in front of the house watching the cats play, when Mius's voice rang out:

Ah, what a game! Ah, what fun we are going to- have!'

However gloomy and old-appearing, Mius, at moments, recovers all his youth; quivering with joy, he lays his rat-trap on the steps. A big fe- male and seven little ones are caught in it. You can

imagine what that family walk must have been, at twilight, with this catastrophe as its conclusion. The little ones are charming and don't seem very frightened, but the mother, who knows something about life, is furious; she jumps heavily against the wires, hurting her snout; she leaps, not to get away, but aggressively to throw herself on us. At each leap she utters an odd little war-cry. Em., whose heart is wrung at the thought of the carnage about to ensue, runs away as is her wont. The dogs are wildly excited; they are making such a rumpus that eventually they have to be locked

[8] The subjects of *Three Men* (1913) are Pascal, Ibsen, and Dostoyevsky.